

Late September Poem

i, not beautiful,
not sad,
sit at my table
naked in the morning

the windows are cool
and open
no one is looking in

i might
sit this way forever
looking at the nothing
of the wall

i might sit here
till midnight
or till the telephone
or doorbell makes me move

i love the contour of
the chair
the wood-feel
beneath my elbows

i am not thirsty
or hungry
or lonely

i am
sitting here